

THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE REGISTER.

NO. VIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE REGISTER.

SIR,

Having by accident turned over an old record concerning the rise of monachism, I have taken the liberty to communicate such parts of it, as will be worthy the attention of the curious reader. The paramount sovereignty which the monks of Europe maintained for such a length of time, and the consequences of it, are within the remembrance of most people; but what accident enabled them to attain that universal dominion is generally unknown. The publication from which the subsequent accounts are extracted, is not only scarce; but when discovered, laid aside, from its length and prolixity, being interspersed with numerous digressions, and various extraneous subjects.

Yours, &c.

L. B.

PROGRESS OF MONACHISM.

Pachomius, a disbanded soldier, but, in my opinion, an incomparably more sensible, and a far greater man than Antonius the Egyptian boor, had, notwithstanding his Thebaic descent, nothing of the melancholy phrenzy of his tutor Anthonius, however crazy he might otherwise be. He likewise had a greater stock of acquired knowledge than Antonius, and understood, by inspiration, or some other means, both Greek and Latin. The anachorete Palemon conferred on him the monastic habit. They dwelt together alone in a cave on the top of a mountain.

Pachomius and Palemon lived on bread and salt. Occasionally some herbs were added to their repast; occasionally too, instead of herbs, they ate dust and ashes sprinkled on their bread. Praying, sewing and spinning were their usual employments.— They made hair-shirts, partly for their own wear, to scratch and mortify their flesh; partly for sale, that on the profits they might live, and have somewhat to bestow upon the poor. If, in the middle of the night, they found themselves unable to resist the attacks of sleep, they carried sand from one place to another, to inure themselves to vigilance and prayer. To prevent their being surprised by sleep, they likewise both of them prayed, the whole night through, holding their arms extended cross-wise over each other. From this cause it was at that time the ordinary mode of praying: at the celebration of mass this method is still observed. For rendering himself superior to pain, Pachomius went always barefoot among thorns and briars.

An uninhabited village on an island of the Nile, called Tabenna, lay not far from the cave where these two holy persons dwelt. Pachomius who went at times to fetch wood from thence, conceived a strong desire to take up his abode among these ruins. They accordingly parted, with the promise of visiting each other once a year. But the poor solitary Palemon fell sick. Antonius the boor was just then in full practice with the devils, and exorcised the sick; however, Pachomius thought it as well to fetch a couple of physicians from the city of Panoel, which lay at no very great distance.— The physicians, very judiciously, told Palemon that he must eat. But he would not eat; and died.

Tabenna continued now to be the residence of Pachomius. His brother however soon came to him, whom, since his dismissal from the Roman army, he had seen as little as the rest of his family. They set immediately about enlarging their little habitation, in hopes of harbouring more good people there. But the brother died; and now Pachomius was once more left alone.

The devils presently began their catter-waulings. Poor Pachomius now likewise saw visions; and both were very natural, as he had so disused himself to sleep, that he could pass forty nights successively without once dozing. It is well known, that, after such long watchings and macerations, a man may see whatever he chuses. However, as this extenuated condition was no longer bearable, Pachomius had a very rational vision; in consequence whereof he thought it advisable to procure some society. Accordingly, whoever, among such as came to visit him, shewed any willingness and desire to become a monk, he detained, and made him one.

Thus, about the year of Christ 325, the first regular cloister in the world, arose at Tabenna, solely from the ennui of Pachomius. Only the name cloister [claustrum] was not known; as the orientals had yet no clausure. We hence perceive that what we now call cloisters, obtained that denomination, from this original foundation of Pachomius, implying a house devoted to piety, or a connection made between several houses for that purpose, where several persons may take up their abode, and live together in common, observing the same rule, and in dependance on one superior.

Pachomius, alas, is therefore the primitive founder and father of all congregations and all orders of monks. God forgive him, since it is notorious that the monks ever since have been the greatest apostles of superstition, and thus been grateful to the parent from whence they sprung. Before him and after him, no distinct monastery of one order, of one rule, and under guidance of one sole abbot, has ever been seen in the east; but all the west took the thought from him. Pachomius founded eight such cloisters, beside that of Tabenna, in the deserts of Thebais; and four were shortly after added to the number.

His monks were, for the most part, a parcel of Thebaic peasants; in general stout and surly fellows. Pachomius governed this rustic crew with a proportionable degree of surliness. The novices were obliged to cast themselves down before the feet of eve-

ry monk they met : and the monks returned the compliment with all kinds of insult and boorish salutation, in order to inure the novices to humility and patience. After this noviciate they received the habit. They must all learn to read ; young monks were occasionally flogged.

All the monks of Tabenna wore shirts of coarse linen, without sleeves, which came down no lower than the knee, and a girdle about the loins. Over this shirt hung a cloke made of tanned goatskin, reaching in like manner only to the top of the leg behind. On the head they wore a hood, which likewise fell upon the shoulders. In the church they threw over this a little mantle of linen, about their neck and shoulders.

Conformable to my original design, extracts similar to the above, shall always experience a welcome reception ; and there can be no doubt, but that my readers will join with me, in soliciting further aid from my present correspondent.

H.

MISCELLANY.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

(concluded.)

Michael Angelo lived to a very great yet very healthy old age. "I have seen," says Vigenerez, "this divine old man, at the age of sixty, chip off more scales from a hard piece of marble in less than a quarter of an hour, than three young stone-cutters could do in three or four hours ; a thing impossible to be conceived, unless by one that had seen it. He worked with so much fury and impetuosity, that I really thought he would have broken the block of marble to pieces ; knocking off at one stroke great pieces of marble of three or four fingers thick, so near the points that he had fixed, that if he had passed ever so little over them, he would have been in danger of ruining his work, because that cannot be replaced in stone, as it may in stucco and in clay."

Michael Angelo's seal represented three rings inclosed one within the other, as expressive of the union that he made in his mind of the three different arts of painting, sculpture and architecture. One of the devices on the catafalque of this great man exhibited three crowns in one shield, with this inscription :

Tergeminis se tollit honoribus.

Threefold in honour as in art.

In one of the pictures that decorated the chapel in which the funeral obsequies of Michael Angelo were performed, a group of young artists was seen, who appeared to consecrate the first fruits of their studies to the genius of this great man, with this inscription :

Tu pater, & rerum inventor, tu patria nobis
Suppedites, præcepta tuis rex inclyte chartis.Parent and monarch of thy art,
To us thy precepts still impart,
Still to thy sons instruction give,
Still in their works thy genius live.

The late president of the Royal Academy carried his veneration for this great man so far, that he used to seal his letters with his head ; and in the picture that he painted of himself for the Royal Academy, has represented himself standing near a bust of Michael Angelo.

So impressed was Sir Joshua Reynolds with the transcendent powers of Michael Angelo, that in the last speech which, unfortunately for the lovers of art, he delivered as president of the Royal Academy, he thus concludes :—"Gentlemen, I reflect not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of this truly divine man ; and I should desire, that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name Michael Angelo, Michael Angelo !"

One of the ornaments of the present English school of painting, who has studied the works of this sublime artist with the greatest attention, and who has happily imitated them with the most consummate success, gives the following account of him :—"Sublimity of expression, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo's style. By these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as sculptor, as architect, he attempted, and above any other man succeeded, to unite magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand. Character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty ; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity ; his women are moulds of generation ; his infants teem with the man ; his men are a race of giants. This is the 'terribil via,'

hinted at by Agostino Caracci, but perhaps as little understood by him as by Vasari, his blind adorer. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty was the exclusive power of M. Angelo. He has embodied sentiment in the monuments of St. Lorenzo, and in the chapel of Sixtus traced the characteristic line of every passion that sways the human race, without descending to individual features, the face of Biagio Cesena only excepted. The fabric of St. Peter, scattered into an infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his followers, he concentrated, suspended the cupola, and to the most complex gave the air of the simple of all edifices. Though as a sculptor he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all that went before him, yet he never submitted to copy an individual ; whilst in painting he contented himself with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind rejected all meretricious ornament. Such was Michael Angelo as an artist. Sometimes he no doubt deviated from his principles, but it has been his fate to have had beauties and faults ascribed to him which belonged only to his servile copyists or unskilful imitators."

In the beginning of the present century, the senator Buonaroti caused the vault to be opened at Florence in which the body of Michael Angelo was deposited : it was found perfect, and the dress of green velvet, and even the cap and slippers in which he was buried, were entire.

Michael Angelo appeared to have been a small well-set man, with a countenance of great severity.

THE FAMOUS HISTORIAN

PIETRO GIANNONE.

(Concluded.)

All this while his enemies were doing their utmost to render him suspected of the government, and to complete his ruin. Not succeeding in doing him mischief in regard to what he advances in his history concerning the contested dominion of the Adriatic, as he had prevented them in their attempts by an apology, they brought a charge against him to the inquisitors of state, of hatching, in conjunction with the ministers of France and Spain, whom he frequently visited, some plots against the state. It was determined to banish him the republic. He was accordingly seized by the serjeants in the night of the 23d of September, 1735, and carried in a boat to the borders of Ferrara. At this place, for fear of the papal

spies, he took upon him the name of Antonio Rinaldo, and repaired to Modena; where he staid about six weeks, till his son John brought him his papers, and some contributions from his friends at Venice. Hereupon they travelled with great circumspection, through Lombardy, to Milan and Turin. Unable to procure a livelihood in these cities, they steered their course for Geneva, where they arrived the 5th of December, 1735. His reputation here gained him many friends; the most remarkable of whom were doctor Turretin, the preacher Vernet, and Bousquet the bookseller, who were all very bountiful towards him. They exerted themselves to the utmost to procure him a permanent support.

During the few months that he remained there he wrote a considerable supplement to his history; which, with the improvements he had made at Vienna, would have composed a fifth volume. But neither this part, nor Lewis Bochart of Lausanne's French translation of his history, were even put to press. Bousquet would not by himself undertake the expence of printing; and an accident happened that frustrated at once all expectations of benefit to the author. Pietro Giannone, in the midst of protestants, zealously adhered to the Roman worship. This was the circumstance his adversaries made use of to get possession of his person. A pretended friend inticed him, in the year 1736 into a Catholic village of the name of Visna, belonging to the king of Sardinia, for the purpose of keeping his Easter communion. Here the king, in order to ingratiate himself with the court of Rome, had him arrested, and confined in the castle of Moilan. From thence he was brought to Turin, and lodged in the citadel there; being thus forever separated from his son. In the year 1738 he retracted in prison, at the instigation and in the presence of pere John Baptist Prever, of the order of the fathers of the Oratory, all that he had written against the Romish church. But he did not regain his liberty by his recantation. In 1741 he was brought to the fortress of Ceva, and in 1745 to the former citadel; where, pining with grief and tedious sicknesses, he at length gave up the ghost on the 7th of March 1748, in the 72d year of his age.

The king of Naples not only granted his son a pension of 300 Neapolitan ducats, but prolonged it during the lives of his wife, his son, and his daughter. "It would not be suitable to the happy reign of his majesty, or becoming the dignity of the supreme authority, (these are the words of the patent) to leave the posterity of so famous a man, whose equal the present age has not produ-

ced, who has asserted the rights of the kingdom with so much courage, sincerity and learning, and for which he was severely persecuted, without some lasting tokens of our approbation and esteem."

THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

CHAP. I.

A Soliloquy.

"See where she leans her cheek upon her hand.

"Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,

"That I might kiss her cheek!"

Such was the attitude of Maria, and such might have been the wish of any one who is susceptible of tenderness, and whose heart has ever felt the sympathising throb, awakened by beauty when melancholy has given resistless allurement to the features.

"Alas!" sighed she, "how hopeless is this cruel passion, which I have suffered to obtrude itself into my bosom!—But how could I resist the allurements of such a form, united with such merits of the heart, and of the understanding?—Yet I ought to have resisted. How could I expect a man of Courtney's opulence, would condescend to cast a thought on a poor friendless orphan, whose scanty fortune exceeds not the limits of the humblest competency!—Yet my family was once not much inferior in honour or opulence to his own: and sure the mind of Courtney is too noble to be swayed by the selfish prejudices of the vulgar crowd. But what to me avails the generosity of his heart, if that heart sympathises not with the emotions of mine. Unhappy sex! forbid at once by custom and instinctive delicacy, to reveal the tender impressions of which we are but too susceptible; if we love it is without hope—while to our sufferings, even the mournful consolation of pity is denied!—But perhaps I merit this misery; perhaps that female heart approaches too near to woman's tenderness, which is yielded unsolicited to the influence of so tender a passion. Prudence, and the opinion of the age, forbid attachment from beginning on the part of the female; but will the instincts of nature subside at the formal mandates of prudence; will the tenderest passion of the soul be influenced by the cold dictates of opinion; can the heart on which nature has affixed her impress, be new moulded by the maxims of fashion.—Why are our sex endowed with sensibility?

why are we thus susceptible of tenderness, if the softest, the earliest, the most powerful of all the effects of such a disposition is inconsistent with the delicacy of our nature. Of what can I reproach myself, but being too sensible of merit, and imbibing, ere I was aware, a passion, which, with vainful caution, I have endeavoured to conceal."

Thus, while the tear trembled in her eye, meditated the lovely Maria Howard, when her soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who, summoned her into the drawing room, to officiate at the altar of Hysonia, informing her at the same time, with all the officious eagerness of a confidential chambermaid, that Mr. Courtney was below with her aunt.

CHAP. II.

Explanations. Gallantry.

"And every tongue that lisps forth Romeo's name,

"Speaks heav'nly eloquence.

This speech of Juliet breathes the genuine spirit of love, as the following circumstance will illustrate. It is necessary, before we proceed, to inform the reader of a circumstance which, however trifling it may appear, will be found of some importance at the conclusion of our story. In short, then the yensive hours of Maria were not a little cheered by the society of one of those little natives of the grove, who are endowed alike with the power of warbling the notes of tutored melody, and of imitating the voice and accents of man. And, as the name of Courtney, followed always with a sigh, was almost constantly escaping from the lips of Maria, this little Starling was not long before it learned to articulate the same tender sound, to the no small satisfaction of the pensive beauty. To the name that is dear to us, we are ever happy to listen; and the tongue which most frequently repeats it, sounds with the sweetest harmony in our ears. No wonder then that the lovely Maria soon grew so fond of a little prattler, that from morning to night was continually calling upon one for whom she entertained the most pure and ardent affection. She fed it with her own hand, she conversed with it for hours, and became as fond of it as the tender mother is of her infant child.

But to resume the thread of our narrative, as soon as our heroine was informed that Courtney was below, she blushed, and with spirits all in a flutter, (anxious no doubt to shew her dutiful obedience to her aunt, by the promptitude with which she attended to her summons) hastened to the drawing room, forgetting even to give her favourite

bird the accustomed kiss, or to shut the little prattler in his cage.

Courtney had been, hitherto, entertaining the old lady with news and politics, for which, like most of her sisterhood, she had a most ardent passion. But as soon as youth and beauty beamed before him in full radiance (for a sudden blush restored the faded blossom to Maria's cheek) the sprightly gallant began to display his talents for a softer kind of conversation.

"Why have we been deprived of the pleasure of your company, all this while, Miss Maria. We have been in want of your judgment to decide our controversy, or rather of your sweet influence to dissipate the dispute."

Maria only replied by her confusion; but Miss Susannah was more eloquent.

"Her not attending," said the aunt, "is a matter of insignificant importation. The paucity of ideas universally observable in feminine juvenility, would have rendered our serious cogitations unintelligible to her puerile comprehension. Novels and romances would have been more accordant to her ratiocinations." "Your observations would be perfectly just, if applied to the generality of young ladies," replied Courtney, "but Miss Maria, perhaps very prudently avoids political topics, yet, from the conversation with which she favours us, we have no reason to doubt her ability to display the excellencies of a fine understanding upon any subject. Besides I am a little of a physiognomist, and will venture to pronounce, that those eyes do not receive all their lustre from their structure and their colour."

Hope, cheerful soother of the sorrowing heart, whispered Maria that there was an unusual softness in the tone and manner of delivering the latter part of this sentence. The silence too which succeeded, so very uncommon with Courtney in the company of the fair sex, had to her mind's ear a kind eloquent tongue, which argued the truth of her supposition.

And now, with a trembling hand, and a mind intent on far other worship, the beautiful Maria began to minister at the boiling fount of Hysonia.

If thou hast a heart, O reader! thou wouldst undoubtedly have been charmed, hadst thou seen the graceful motion with which the lily-handed priestess guided the odouriferous streams into those inverted miniatures of the ethereal concave, vulgarly called tea-cups; and viewed her pouring out the delicious cream, which, conscious of the superior whiteness of her hand, dived under the teeming lake to avoid com-

parison, and there testified its envy by the cloudy appearance which it assumed. Courtney had hitherto continued that unusual silence which we have heretofore noticed. But a deep sigh which escaped, unobserved by herself, from the bosom of the priestess, roused him from his reverie—as the reader will see in the next chapter.

(To be concluded next week.)

There is a very singular passage in Pliny, which I do not know whether it has ever been tried by the moderns; it is in his 32d book and 5th chapter.

"Democritus says, let the tongue of a living frog be extracted, without permitting a particle of its other flesh to adhere to it; then throw it into water; after a short time take it out, and lay it on the breast of a woman asleep, on the spot where the palpitation of her heart is perceptible; whatever questions you then propose to her, she will answer to you truly." What an easy and admirable mode this of discovering the thoughts and affections of the coy, the coquetish and gallant female? Little do they know the power of this key, which infallibly unlocks all the amorous secrets contained in their breasts! I might have made a fortune by advertising this valuable recipe, which effectually curbed the vagaries of the Grecian ladies 2000 years ago. The ladies will be obliged to me, I expect, for putting them on their guard.

So eager were people to read the Bible, A. D. 1566, then newly translated into English, that John Dele, a bookseller in Dublin, sold seven thousand copies in two years after they were brought over from England.

At Haerlem, in Holland, a cambrick cockade is hung at the door to show the woman of the house is brought to bed, and that the husband claims protection from arrest for the six weeks of her confinement. A breeding lady of course is a valuable acquisition.

Lobb's pound. Mr. Lobb was a preacher among the dissenters. When their meetings were prohibited, he contrived a trap-door in his pulpit, which thro' many dark windings let into a cellar. His adversaries once pursuing him into these subterraneous recesses, were lost; and groping about, cried to each other, we have got into Lobb's pound.

A punning epitaph upon Molly Stone.

Molly fuit saxum, saxum O! si molle fuisset,
Non foret hic subter, sed super esset ei.

For tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament.

To these lines in Hudibras we find the following note in Nash's edition of that poem, "At Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, in Carrick Patrick church, (the cathedral on the rock of Cashel) stormed by lord Inchiquin in the civil wars, there were near 700 put to the sword, and none saved but the Mayor's wife and his son. Among the slain of the Irish were found, when stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long. Forty soldiers, who were eye-witnesses, testified the same upon oaths." Whether these unusual ornaments were common among the Irish at that time, or whether they still exist in any province, is a curious investigation for naturalists. Our annotator is silent on this head.

Periwigs were introduced here from France about the end of the reign of the elder James, but not much used till after the restoration. At first they were of an immense size, in large flowing curls, as we see them in Westminster Abbey. Lord Bolingbroke, it is said, was the first who tied them up in knots, as counsellors wear them. This was esteemed so great an undress, that when his lordship first went to court in a wig of this fashion, Queen Anne was offended, and said to those about her, this man will come next court-day in his night-cap.

We cannot tell the precise moment when friendship is formed! as in filling a vessel, drop by drop, there is a last drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses there is a last one which makes the heart run over. This delicious drop, the sweetest in the cup of life, happy is he who has experienced! This moment, worth whole years of common life, fortunate is he who has enjoyed!

Hudibras beautifully tell us, that a sincere friend is

"True as the dial to the sun,
"Altho' it be not shone upon."

BEARDED WOMEN.

A woman with a beard on her chin is one of those extraordinary deviations with which nature presents every day; as to those women who, in order to pass for men, have put on false beards, it was in consequence of some particular circumstance: that there have been others whose character seconded by nature, made them regard a long beard as an honourable phenomenon for their sex, must seem at this time more extraordinary; but it would appear almost incredible that the eagerness of women to command should prompt them to make use of artificial means to have a beard on their chin, and, by this usurpation, to dispute with man the symbol of his sovereignty, and that to put a stop to this disorder, the laws should have interfered, if the authenticity of the evidence which we have left did not put it beyond a doubt.

It is Cicero himself who gives an account of this curious law, instituted to prevent the women ever succeeding to get a beard: they are expressly forbidden to shave their cheeks. It is taken from the twelve tables; the following are the words:—*Mulieras genas ne radunto.* Let not women presume to shave their cheeks. Cicero, *de legibus*, Lib. II.

If the abuse which was the cause of this law is one of the greatest encomiums on beards, it presents us however with room for comparison. The women of the present day are every whit as envious for commanding, as those of whom Cicero speaks; but their means are very different.

It is beyond a doubt that the women of those days were very far from disliking a beard. The Venus of Cyprus, (whom the ancient Greeks represented with a bushy beard on her chin,) seems to strengthen this assertion.

As to bearded women, and those who have done themselves the honour of appearing so, we have several examples. In the cabinet of curiosities of Stutgard in Germany there is the portrait of a woman called Bartel Gractje, whose chin is covered with a very large beard: she was drawn in 1587, at which time she was but twenty five years of age. There is likewise in the same cabinet another portrait of her when she was more advanced in life, but likewise with a beard.

It is said that the duke of Saxony had the portrait of a poor woman taken, remarkable for her long bushy beard; and those who were at the carnival at Venice in 1726, saw a female dancer astonish the people as much by her talents, as by her chin covered with a black bushy beard.

Charles XII. had in his army a female

grenadier: it was neither courage nor beard that she wanted to be a man. She was taken at the battle of Pultoway, and carried to Petersburg, where she was presented to the Czar in 1724: her beard measured a yard and a half Russian measure.

We read in Trevoux's dictionary, that there was a woman seen at Paris, who had not only a bushy beard on her face, but her body likewise covered all over with hair. Among a number of other examples of this nature, that of Margaret the governess of the Netherlands, is very remarkable: she had a very long stiff beard, which she prided herself on; and being persuaded that it contributed to give her an air of majesty she took great care not to lose a hair of it. This Margaret was a very great woman.

It is said that the Lombard women, when they were at war, made themselves beards with the hair of their heads which they ingeniously arranged on their cheeks, in order that the enemy, deceived by the likeness, might take them for men. It is asserted after Suidas, that, in a similar case, the Athenian women did as much. These women were more men than our Jemmy-Jesamy countrymen.

About a century ago the ladies adopted the mode of dressing their hair in such a manner that the curls hung down their cheeks as far as their bosom. These curls went by the name of whiskers, and so important were they, that servants and citizens wives, who wore whiskers like the ladies of fashion, were attacked without mercy. This custom undoubtedly was not invented, after the example of the Lombard women, to fright the men. Neither is it with intention to carry on a very bloody war, that, in our time, they have affected to bring forward the hair of the temple on the cheeks. The discovery seems to have been a fortunate one: it gives a tempting, roguish pleasing look, of which the ladies are fond at present.

Some wits have made themselves merry at the women's not having a beard on their chin like the men: they pretended that it was impossible to shave them without bringing blood, because it was very difficult to keep their tongues silent a moment.

This thought pleased so much that it has been put into Greek, Latin, Italian, and French verse. Here is the French:

Sais-tu pourquoi, cher camarade,
Le beau sexe n'est point barbu?
Baillard comme il est on n'auriot
jamais pu
Le raser sans estaflade.

IMITATED.

Know'st thou why, my dear companion,

Ladies have not beards like us?

Talking always, who could shave them
Without gashing them the deuce?

What has been rendered sometimes supportable by circumstances, an extravagant taste, the desire of being distinguished from the croud, or to command their attention; true taste, and especially the art of pleasing, has always proscribed. We meet with women every day whose features are shaded with this ornament of virility. But very far from priding themselves on this superfluity of nature, they regard it as a blemish to be ashamed of, which they endeavour to eradicate. How many brunettes especially are obliged, in the secret moments of their toilet to make use of—. But let us by no means reveal these mysterious operations; they have a right to expect our indulgence, as they tend to please us: moreover a woman may very well be pardoned for correcting this deviation of nature, since the men are not ashamed to disfigure her.

It is as ridiculous for a man to look like a woman as for a woman to look like a man. However, a man without a beard, would be much less surprising now a days, than a bearded woman, which proves how unnatural our tastes and customs are.

Shaving has been accounted a mark of effeminacy. Eunuchs have no beards, and therefore want that mark of virility. It was late before barbers were introduced into Rome: 454 years after the foundation of that city they came there from Sicily. Scipio Africanus was the first, who, every day, shaved his face. Augustus did the same. It is the opinion of some, that nature gave man a beard, as an index of the masculine generative faculty, and the females with beards approach hemaphrodites,

It was extremely fashionable in former times for ladies to wear a great number of patches on their faces, and it was a principal amusement to cut them out into various shapes. Hence these lines in Hudibras.

Are but black patches that she wears,
Cut into suns and moons and stars.

George II. from not being well acquainted with the politer terms of resentment in our language, his phrases when he spoke disrespectfully of anybody, were sometimes very gross. In particular he used constantly to call the duke of Newcastle, whenever he thwarted his measures. "one d—d son of a b—."

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 134.)

I recollected her sublime countenance, and those rays of an immortal mind that were shot from her eyes; I recollected that luminous intelligence that was spread over her face; and above all, that indescribable spiritual something that played about the dimples of her mouth. I then cast my eyes downwards upon the barren spot which covered her remains; and asked myself if so much excellence was only made to come to this at last? or if all that feeling and all that intellectual beauty with which these immortal remains were once animated and illumined, were made only for the occasions of her poor perishable body, and the objects of an existence that was thus to terminate its course! The many delightful conclusions which branched out from this thought, held me in delicious state of mind till every star retired that studded the canopy above me. In the mean time, every proud thought retired together with them: and I felt an unpardonable shame for a mind endued with immortality, and destined to another range of objects dispersed through an infinity of space, and which, in the circumscribed and feeble views of them afforded us at present, fill our souls with rapture and delight—for a mind that has such promises held up to it, to found its pride on the circumstances of a paltry existence like that we at present enjoy, or to consider them as entitled to engross all its sensibilities, and to exercise the full measure of its powers and capacities.

"From this moment I date the entrance of a philosophy into my mind which has brought with it a thousand satisfactions and delights: of a philosophy, not of that dry and factitious sort which consists of the cold propositions of ethics, and involves itself in a labyrinth of logical subtleties; but of that authentic, plain, and practical kind, that regulates the feelings, while it interests the heart; that corrects our wanderings, while it stimulates our enquiries; that teaches how to live, and how to die, by teaching us who we are, and for what we are designed. The book of nature, and the book of revelation, are the only sources from which this my humble philosophy is derived: when I simply regard the works of my Creator, I am confounded with their immensity; when on a more particular view of them, I discern the magnificence of design, and the parsimony of means which they every where discover, I am astonished at their wisdom; when I attempt to count the benefits which

flow from them, I am overcome with their goodness: when from this glorious contemplation I turn my observations upon myself, I awfully acquiesce in my own unworthiness; I am supported when I reflect on the great sacrifice which has been made for me, low as I am, and on that dignity conferred upon my nature by the reconciliation wrought through the merits of my redeemer.

"With this new treasure opened to my mind, I determined to return to my country and my friends, and to seek that situation in which I might be able to turn it to the best account. The military life was sinking every hour lower in my esteem; and indeed every life but that in which my conscience might have repose, my thoughts freedom, and my actions some determinate objects of utility. Nothing worth relating happened to me till I reached my native country, where I hoped that, as my spirit of adventure was gone, my career of fortune would be closed: but some trials were yet in reserve, to put my philosophy to the test. I found what remained of my family in the deepest affliction. About two months before my arrival, my father had been arrested for a debt for which he stood liable on a brother officer's account, who was now abroad. Almost as soon, however, as they received the intelligence of this distressful circumstance, another letter brought them information, that the money was paid by some unknown hand, and the matter still remains a perfect mystery to us all.

"My father did not recover his peace of mind together with the liberty of his person. His spirit was wounded by the degradation which he conceived himself to have undergone: and being conscious that his situation was such as to subject him to more vexations of the same nature, he took the sudden resolution of leaving the country, and of trying once more his fortune in the field, under the victorious banners of Prince Ferdinand. This project, so desperate for a man of his years, but so natural to a man of his complexion, and which was too speedily executed to allow us any time for interference, did not surprise us so much as the conduct of Mr. Laurens, which gave us hardly less vexation and sorrow. He happened to be at our house at the time of this unfortunate event, where he scarcely waited to hear the particulars related; but taking an abrupt leave, set off for London, and was not heard of till about a week ago, when a letter from my father informed us that they were both together in the army of the Prince. Such an account could not but fill us with extreme surprise; but nothing perplexed us so much as the affectionate zeal of the same young

gentleman, who seemed to have followed my father out of pure regard, and to whose unexampled friendship as the letter expressed he was indebted to every comfort he enjoyed. When we compared this extraordinary generosity with the seeming insensibility of other parts of his conduct, we were at a loss what to think of so contradictory a behaviour.

"In the mean time, Sophia's distress, which had begun to occasion us the greatest alarm for her health, fixed me in my resolution of making a fresh journey abroad, to unravel, if possible, these mysteries, and to persuade my father to return to his disconsolate home. This, sir, is the errand on which I am embarking, and heaven knows with what heavy presages upon my heart. If, however, it shall please God to crown my embassy with success, I think the frame of mind in which I am every day growing more confirmed, will at least enable me to live without repining it; to meet events with patience, if not with complacency; and to make a more sober and solid use of my talents, than I have hitherto done."

Eugenio ended: and we were all much comforted by his last assurance, which left us reason to hope that as his feelings grew more sedate, and less exacting, his mind would daily become more accommodated to the ordinary course and complexion of life. He remained three days under this hospitable roof, and we had the satisfaction of thinking that our conversation had somewhat conducted to improve the favourable turn that was manifestly taking place in his thoughts and sentiments. We did not at length part without a thousand promises, on each side, to cement this triple alliance so auspiciously begun, and a particular assurance from Eugenio, that he would ever consider as the most essential article of the treaty, the duty of exerting all the strength of his reason, to complete the victory he was so near obtaining over the violence of his feelings. Soon after his departure we could observe that Amelia grew more pensive than was natural to her, and more fond of the little bower at the end of the walk, where Eugenio had told his tale: she was frugal, however, of her remarks on his history, and seemed somewhat afraid of trusting herself with his name, lest it should escape in a sigh, or force from her an involuntary comment in the blush upon her cheek.

Mr. Barville, in the mean time, felt some consolation for the loss of his son, in the discovery of a young man so fashioned to his opinions, and so worthy of his friendship; and from some intimations I could perceive, that he was often on the point of regretting

that this excellent young lady, his daughter, was engaged to become the wife of a person at that time in the east, upon his return to England.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF THE LATE POPE, PIUS VI.

(concluded.)

In the spring of 1796, Bonaparte penetrated into Italy. Although every thing was to be apprehended from a degenerated people, yet it was difficult to imagine, that their greatest enormities should be practised on a venerable pontiff, who had never taken any part in the war, nor could be supposed capable of counteracting their designs. The first appearance of danger arose from a proclamation of the victorious general, who after having extolled the soldiers of the Great Nation, for their bravery in having conquered places willingly delivered up to them, by the betrayed and defenceless king of Sardinia, concluded:—*que tremblent ceux qui ont brulé nos pons, ceux qui ont assassiné nos ministres!* This last part of the sentence evidently alluded to the pope, suspected to have connived at the murder of Basseville. His holiness followed his usual system of prudence. He gave previous orders to his two legates, at Bologna and Ferrara, to offer no resistance, in case they should be attacked by the French. Next to the seizure of these two provinces, the French had the impudence to give his holiness to understand, that he must sue for peace, otherwise the remainder of his states would be conquered. "What peace am I to ask," said the venerable old man, "since I never intended to be at war, and have lost already several provinces by the most unprovoked aggression?"

The proceedings subsequent to this event, are too notorious, too connected with the general history of the present war, and too complicated and numerous to be here mentioned. But were every thing else wanting, this preceding circumstance would be sufficient of itself to stamp the French character with indelible disgrace. Remotest posterity will read with indignation of the invasion of Romagna, the perfidious peace of Tolentino, and the enormous exactions and sacriligious plunder of the once illustrious metropolis of the world. And as if the injuries to which she had been submitted were not in themselves sufficient without insult, the brother of Bonaparte was sent to Rome as an incendiary, under the specious

name of ambassador; next to him Dupot is purposely exposed to murder; another emissary, Berthier, comes to Rome, assuring his holiness, *sur la loyauté Francoise*, that his sole object is to revenge the death of his comrade; but at that very moment the venerable pontiff, officiating in his chapel is treacherously dethroned, and the next day transported like a malefactor to Sienna, from thence to the charter-house to Florence, to Parma, to Turno, to Briancon, and last of all to Valence! Unfortunate Prince! thou livdest three years too long; and there would have been more humanity in consigning thy venerable head to the axe of the executioner than thy feelings for that period to unceasing contumely and insult! The commiserations of posterity will go with thee, when they reflect, that, amidst all thine unparalleled suffering and degradation, thou constantly preservedst thy native generosity of mind, a conscious sense of dignity, and a meek forgiving disposition towards thy enemies.

Pius VI. in his internal administration, always displayed a firmness of character and exalted piety, without any mixture of fanaticism. Of this two remarkable instances may be adduced. In the year 1780, the Danish ambassador at Rome, wishing to see, incog. the religious ceremony of the passion week in the Vatican, presented himself before the first hall, where the sacred college were assembled, and having no ticket of admission, and being no way distinguished by his dress, demanded of the Swiss sentry the liberty of entering. On the answer of the soldier that he did not know him, and could not admit a person without a ticket, the minister attempted to advance in an arrogant manner. He exposed himself therefore to an affront, and accordingly was repulsed by the sentry. Next day he presented a note to the prelate governor of the Vatican, demanding reparation for the insult. He received for answer, that the prelate was heartily sorry for the accident; but no reparation could be made, as the sentry had only performed his duty, in not admitting an unknown person. On this the ambassador sent him a challenge. Of this the prelate informed his holiness; when an intimation was given the ambassador, that neither the ecclesiastical laws, nor the etiquette of honour, allowed a clergyman to accept a challenge. The ambassador, enraged at this, spoke disrespectfully of the government, and said, that such things were to be expected when the reins of government were fallen into the hands of a Pretaccio (a despicable priest.) His holiness on this sent the prelate governor of Rome to announce his banishment from the Church's territory,

and the necessity of his departure from the metropolis in 24 hours, with this additional remark, that the Pretaccio had prisons, gallies and gallows's for such as were deserving of them. In the year 1786, prince Colunno, high constable of the kingdom of Naples, a young noble of a religious but a weak mind, fell into the hands of a spiritual doctor who was an ignorant but fanatical priest. By this person scruples were raised in the mind of the young prince, concerning the propriety of retaining certain statues and paintings of first rate excellence, as ornaments for his superb gallery. The confessor observed that they either represented Pagan deities, or, being otherwise scandalous and obscene, were wholly inconsistent for Christian purity to tolerate. The prince was influenced by him to such a degree, that he came at last to the resolution of throwing them, torn and mutilated, into the Tiber. Happily for the fine arts, the prelate governor of Rome was timely acquainted with the circumstance, and directly called on his holiness to inform him of the disgraceful piece of fanaticism that was likely to be committed. The director of the museum was immediately dispatched to the prince, to request him, that if he had ever any works of art not suitable for his superb gallery, his holiness would be glad to purchase them, at any rate, for the Vatican museum. The prince did not deny that it was his intention to destroy those of which his father confessor did not approve. The priest was soon after sent for to the Vatican, and, disconcerted by his holiness's questions, imprudently denied the fact. Pius on this ordered him immediately to quit Rome and the Papal dominions.

The common topic of the disaffected at Rome against their sovereigns is the charge of family aggrandisement; to this they have given the name of nepotismo. Pius VI. was not exempt from this obloquy. His nephew was certainly one of the richest men of Rome; and the envious perhaps were enraged to see an obscure inhabitant of Cesena becoming, in less than twenty years a prince of the Roman empire, duke of Nemi, and grandee of Spain, with thirty thousand pounds a year revenue. But this will not injure his reputation in the eyes of men of sense; convinced as they must be that a powerful sovereign (at least with respect to ecclesiastical influence) has it in his power to confer considerable wealth and patronage on his relations; and in such cases it is but natural that they should have the preference.

This pope, beside his mental accomplishments, possessed every personal advantage. He was six feet in height, stout, handsome, and well formed. He had a prepossessing

look, a benign countenance, a sonorous voice, and an elegant and engaging manner. In his youth he had been esteemed one of the handsomest men among the Roman clergy, and, throughout his pontificate, maintained that dignity of behaviour which ought ever to be the characteristic of sovereignty.

Pius VI. died at Valence in August 1799, and, according to the Paris papers, was buried without any particular ceremony, and quick lime thrown into his grave to destroy his remains. The Spanish ambassador claimed his body, in order to its being transported to Italy; but it was refused him.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

EPITHALAMIUM.

In commemoration of the marriage of G. W. Bartram, to Miss Ann Maria Baker.

How bless'd are they the joys who prove,
That flow from pure and lawful love;
Swift pass their hours in bliss away,
Renew'd with every rising day.

For them the storms of life may rage,
True love can ev'ry care assuage,
For ev'ry pain and grief they share,
Nor any sorrow singly bear.

And ah how bless'd when peace and joy,
Bid transport kindle in the eye,
Soon glows the fire in either breast,
Each by the other's welfare bless'd:

But he whom love his bond denies,
The gentle bond, for life that ties,
Alone he treads the path of life,
Alone encounters ev'ry strife.

As some tall pine which lonely stands
Expos'd to storms on desert lands,
So stands the youth, the maid who flies
From gentle Hymen's silken ties.

When death the awful summons brings,
When leaves the soul all earthly things
Alone on dying bed he lies,
And strangers hands must close his eyes.

Oh wretched state! why linger they,
The manly youths, the virgins gay,
Why haste they not, life wears away,
The bloom of youth must soon decay.

As some vast oak, whose sons around,
Rise fair and vig'rous from the ground;
In time support their aged sire,
And screen him from the tempests ire.

Thus children 'round their parents form
A shelter from the bursting storm;
With comfort cheer the hours of gloom,
And smooth their passage to the tomb;

Their love can blunt the shaft of death,
And make them yield in peace their breath;
Love crowns each source with greater bliss,
O! richest source of happiness.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

TO A KISS.

Hail virtuous kiss! thy entrancing pow'r
Warm, rapt'rous, glowing, vibrates through
the breast,

Soft soothing streams of tender dear delight
Which charm the mind and lull its cares to
rest.

Thou holy seal of friendship's dearest tie,
Of Love's most ardent, lasting, sacred flame;
Let lips polluted never know thy bliss,
Nor slander's tongue profane thy hallow'd
fane.

But in thy train may innocence be found,
Whose bosom's purer than the polar snows,
Whose fragrant breath out-scents Arabian
gums,
And blushing cheeks surpass the crimson
rose.

The melting glance declares the conscious
heart,
And modest eye dissolves in limpid dew,
When pity's tale thrills on the listening ear;
Or suffering merit spreads her mournful hue.

Ambrosial kiss let such thy pleasures share,
And if a villain smooth, dissembling, deep,
Beneath thy peaceful emblem couch a snare,
May condign fate e'er cause him oft to weep.

EVENING.

The deep'ning shades o'erspread the golden
west,
The mottled clouds sweep on before the
breese,
Rude Labour leaves his weary sons to rest,
And sea-like murmurs sound among the
trees.

The muffled owl sails by on silent wing,
The downy moth pursues his dusky way,
Light, crested, gnats their busy carols sing,
And closing flow'rets mourn departed day.
Soft dews descending bathe the thirsty ground,
A mingled fragrance cheers the pensive night,

Dim rising vapours slowly roll around,
And wand'ring glow-worms shed their em-
erald light.

Now breathe the high romantic love-lorn tale
And mix ideal scenes of fairy bliss;
Let airy harps from ev'ry passing gale
Steal heav'nly notes with soft enchanting kiss.

The mingled charm shall cheat my ardent
soul;
And, gleaming through the dim fantastic
light,
Bright shadowy forms around my head shall
roll,
And golden visions bless my ravish'd sight.

L. A.

THE RAPTURE.

On Chloe's breast while rapt I lie,
And catch sweet madness from her eye;
While drown'd in 'whelming tides of bliss,
That waist I press, those lips I kiss;
I scorn the glare of Mammon's shrine,
Ye gods! a richer treasure's mine!
While round her panting form I wreath,
And sighs of transport gently breathe;
While, circled in her twining arms,
I banquet on her store of charms,
And from her rosy swelling lip
Ambrosial juice exhaustless sip;
When her eyes, glancing am'rous fire,
Swim with th' excess of fond desire;
Oh! then, how love-wing'd fancy plays,
And sports through pleasure's boundless maze
Oh! then—but language cannot tell
In beauty's arms what raptures dwell:
Such heavenly tumults of the breast
Are felt—but cannot be exprest.

[Epigram on a young lady gazing at a fine
Statue of Cupid.]

Yes! now I understand the whole:
Cupid, to see himself more clear,
Shot into Betsy's eyes his soul,
And left his body lifeless here.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening last,
by the Rev. J. F. Schmidt, Mr. George
Washington Bartram, son of Moses Bar-
tram, Druggist, to Miss Ann Maria Baker,
daughter of George A. Baker, Esqr. all of
this city.

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